

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## WOMEN'S LAND ARMY HOLD FIRST FARM BRAINS TRUST



The "Brains" of the Brains Trust facing their questioners at the Bull's Head, Aylesbury.

## I get around

By  
RONALD  
RICHARDS

IN RHYL recently I saw a vision. A vision that would cost a million pounds. To me it was a vision, but to three men, Mr. C. O. Edwards, Mr. A. E. Edwards and Mr. C. P. Edwards, it is definitely on the list of things to come.

These three Teds, none of whom is related to the others, are respectively chairman of the council, clerk to the council, and corporation entertainments manager, and their plan is to make Rhyll the number one holiday resort on this island.

The plan, which will take a quarter of a century to complete, includes taking over an aircraft carrier from the Royal Navy, the construction of the biggest pier in the country, which will have four main decks, the top one for pleasure planes, the next for dancing, the next for a huge pavilion theatre and the lower one for a giant swimming pool.

The idea of the aircraft carrier is to provide a landing ground for trippers, and, in addition, there will be a fleet of aircraft owned by the corporation for the purpose of pleasure trips and transport to and from the resort.

Most south coast resorts also have ambitious post-war plans, but few have progressed so far, and none has such a comprehensive plan as this go-ahead North Wales town.

AN advertisement signed "Ex-Serviceman" appeared in a Midlands newspaper three weeks running. It read: "Orchid grower, stove, intermediate or cool house; apply

I hope he got a job... I rather doubt it though, because I think now that there can be no orchids.

I wondered if it might have been James Hadley Chase. It couldn't have been, because he is still in the Royal Navy.

THE last thing I would do would be to make you homesick, but when you enter Tunis, you will be in the precincts of the grave of Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home."

Written over a century ago, this song emanates from forty years of loneliness, being part of the life of Payne.

It might be better to wait until you get to Prague... the birthplace of "Roll Out the Barrel."



MISS DELLA COLMAN

I FIRST met Della Colman when she was doing her bit in a North Country aircraft factory. She told me then that she had a great longing to get on the stage, but was happier doing more vital work until the end of the war.

That was not to be, however, and one day she was "discovered" while singing at her bench. She left the factory that day, and the following evening she was doing her first broadcast with Ivy Benson. Within a week her whole world had changed. "And although," she says, "the work is harder now, I got one of those breaks that a girl dreams about."

Ivy Benson said of her, "She is a real baritone, not a crooner, and she has a first-rate microphone voice."

Hundreds of listeners have written to the B.B.C., asking if it really is a girl.

Above is her photograph. What would you say?

STATE documents from Buckingham Palace are now being delivered in a four-wheeled, horse-drawn brougham which has been taken off the retired list.

I understand a sharp lookout is kept for highwaymen with Tommy guns!

ONE major victory, given little publicity in this country, but no doubt greatly celebrated in Europe, was the timely death of Butcher General Ficke.

Ficke was the founder of the present-day concentration camps, and his murderous reputation was so fantastically splendid in Nazi eyes that his name is almost legendary.

Showing promise of having the necessary Nazi quality of butchery of human flesh, he commenced his extermination of mankind by gaining command of the dread camp at Dachau. He had previously commanded a Black Guard Division.

At 50, this Bavarian labourer was responsible for founding, and filling, hundreds of concentration camps throughout Nazi occupied Europe.

Even though an equally notorious slayer has succeeded him, it is at least, one Nazi less.

POSTMEN are claiming that they do as much, if not more walking than Policemen. If they establish that, they will, they think, have equal rights to the extra boot coupons allotted to the feet of the law.

That being so, the gag about Policemen's feet is out of date, surely?

TOMMY HANDLEY'S famous "Itma" programme, Hal Block says, is not understood by American listeners.

Block, who is here from America, is a leading script writer in the States, and his job now is to see that at least some humour in B.B.C. programmes will be appreciated by the American listeners. I am not American, but I hope Mr. Block will do the same for me.

AT Aylesbury, which is the centre of Buckinghamshire agriculture, a "Good Morning" staff reporter and photographer were invited to attend the first All-Women's Agricultural Brains Trust.

Both these visitors were city men—typically ignorant of country life. They were struck by the worldliness and broad outlook of the Brains Trusters and by the thoughtfulness behind the questions and answers.

The audience came from all parts of the country, many on horseback, and many more walked. They went there to learn and to help fellow farmers with their various problems.

Below you will see the question master, the Brains Trust, and the audience. Here is the reporter's impression.

The questions came from stock farmers, milk - maids, hedgers, tractor drivers, labourers and Land Army girls. They were straightforward questions and they were answered in a straightforward manner.

They discussed the best time to milk cows, and the merits of machine milking.

They pointed out the paramount importance of keeping the mechanical appliances in good order, and they agreed that there were far too many semi-derelict sheds and farm-houses in use.

They exchanged tips about starting up cold machinery in the mornings, and on drainage problems. They debated on how many cows a Land Girl should be able to milk in an hour.

### All Practical

They were eight women-members of the first all-women Agricultural Brains Trust.

They were all practical farmers, and without an exception they showed an enthusiastic readiness to share the knowledge which they had gained by years of hard work.

This was the first all-women's Agricultural Brains Trust in Buckinghamshire, and it was attended by more than four hundred agricultural workers.

There was nothing very formal about this Brains Trust, though at all times it was orderly.

Some of the Land Girls were in uniform, others semi-uniform, and others in civvies. Some of the farmers, men and women, were in breeches, though mostly they wore smartly cut suits. A few of the men smoked pipes (only one clay), none of them had beer drippings in his whiskers, and they nearly all had neatly adjusted collars and ties.

Some of the women wore heavy walking shoes, but mostly

they had comfortable looking and shapely shoes, and silk stockings. Mostly they carried handbags, the hair styles were varied, and most fingers, though hard-looking, were manicured. There was some facial make-up, but mostly the rosy complexions were natural.

There were less than a score of gaiters in the whole audience.

The Brains Trust opened with a joke from question master Miss Joyce Rowley, N.R.A., who throughout kept the gathering alert and in good humour.

### Unsigned Questions

Members of the Bucks War Agricultural Committee, who arranged the meeting, gathered question slips from the audience and passed them to the ques-



The front row of questioners—girls of the W.L.A., who gave the Brains Trust some interesting and practical posers.

tion master, who in turn read the questions to the Trust.

The slips were unsigned, because most farmers are publicity-shy, and it was thought advisable to keep the questions anonymous as employers and employees were sitting side by side.

The question master, college-trained, has, since the war, become a practical farmer. Among the Trust were Miss Peggy Busby, who played a prominent part in the founding of the Young Farmers' Club movement; Miss Alison Jellicoe, who manages her own 350 acre farm, and Miss Marjorie Still, who has specialised in mechanical farming.

Some city folk jibe at their country cousins, some people even ridicule these hard-working farmers, whom they regard as stupid, droll idiots.

This gathering at the Bull's Head convinced at least one townsman that such prejudice is unjustified and stupid. It was equally outstanding, too, that these men and women who have dedicated their whole lives to the land were the real people.

From their hands, their complexions and their eyes, it was obvious that these people had made the grade the hard way: a way that gets them the name of "country cousin" and a way that costs them the pleasures enjoyed by city folk.

Perhaps, though, they are more than compensated by the knowledge that their branch of the Services is playing a major part in keeping Britain at war.

This tiny section of the farming community formed a Brains Trust. In actual fact, though, the entire farming industry is a brains trust, because the password in the farming world is "Help your neighbour."

Women will have to become more vote-conscious and more politically-minded. Women will have to fight for themselves for any new rights they may want in the post-war world.—Lady Beveridge.



Typical girls of the Women's Land Army amongst the audience.



## Periscope Page

### How to write Short Stories—5

#### "FILLING IN THE DETAILS"

By C. GORDON GLOVER

THE good short story should be "all of a piece." That is to say, it should take the form of uninterrupted narrative, whether it tells of events over ten minutes or over ten years. Our friend Jones in the pub experiences on this occasion, let us suppose, the climax of a chain of events that started when he was a lad of nineteen. The wrong way to write of this is to start Jones at nineteen, describe whatever it was that happened then, and follow the description with that *bete noir* of the reader, a little row of stars, which are followed in their turn by the words, "It was twenty years later when Jones, etc., etc."

The right way of dealing with the story of Jones is to set him in his pub, let him recognise his stranger, or what have you, and then allow his mind to etch in what happened twenty years before—and let the etching be as brief as possible. Like this: "It was odd to be standing in the saloon bar of 'The Eagle' again, just as he had stood—how long ago was it? It must be twenty years. Yes, quite twenty years since Mary, and Joe Bullett, and the battle-royal he and Joe had fought in the yard at the back. Kids having a row about a girl. Jones ordered another pint. . ."

In a few lines we have established Jones' age, the fact that he is in a pub, that he once loved a young girl called Mary, and fought a young fellow named Joe—who, the reader already suspects, is the other chap in the bar.

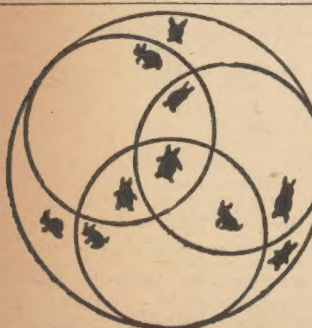
Let's just get back to Corn-

## QUIZ for today

1. Good King Wenceslas, hero of the old Christmas carol, is the national saint of one of our Allies. Which?
2. What famous Russian diplomat has an English wife?
3. What is a "peep"?
4. What is the difference between a square yard and a yard square?
5. What famous film star, noted for his "villain" parts, has died recently?
6. What does the name "Stalin" mean?
7. Who wrote the opera "Barber of Seville"?
8. Put the following into Arabic symbols: MCMXXXIX.
9. What English novelist wrote "Cakes and Ale"? And what famous English novelist is it supposed to be about?
10. What country governed Madagascar before the war?
11. What battle was "won on the playing fields of Eton"?
12. Near what body of water was the miracle of the loaves and fishes performed?

### Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Siam. 2. Iraq. 3. China. 4. Caspian Sea. 5. Mississippi. 6. Everest. 7. Palace of the Soviets. 8. Queen Elizabeth. 9. Ascot. 10. Newmarket.



### Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle

### Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.



# NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

CAPTAIN Nemo then led me aft of the *Nautilus*, and whilst passing the cabin of Ned and Conseil, I called my two companions, who followed me immediately. Then we came to a kind of cell, situated near the engine-room, in which we were to put on our walking dress.

This cell was, properly speaking, the arsenal and wardrobe of the *Nautilus*. A dozen diving apparatus, hung from the wall, awaited our use.

Ned Land, seeing them, manifested evident repugnance to put one on.

"But, my worthy Ned," I said, "the forests of Crespo Island are only submarine forests!"

"You can do as you please, sir," replied the harpooner, shrugging his shoulders, "but as for me, unless I am forced, I will never get into one."

"No one will force you, Ned," said Captain Nemo.

"Does Conseil mean to risk it?" said Ned.

"I shall follow monsieur wherever he goes," answered Conseil.

Two of the ship's crew came to help us, and we donned the heavy and impervious clothes made of seamless indiarubber, and constructed expressly to resist considerable pressure. The trousers were finished off with thick boots, furnished with heavy leaden soles.

Captain Nemo and one of his companions—a sort of Hercules, who must have been of prodigious strength—Conseil, and myself, were soon enveloped in these dresses.

One of the crew gave me a simple gun, the butt-end of which, made of steel and hollowed in the interior, was rather large; it served as a reservoir for compressed air, which a valve, worked by a spring, allowed to escape into a metal tube. A box of projectiles, fixed in a groove in the thickness of the butt-end, contained about twenty electric bullets, which, by means of a spring, were forced into the barrel of the gun.

"Captain Nemo," said I, "this arm is perfect and easily managed; all I ask now is to try it. But how shall we gain the bottom of the sea?"

"You will soon see," Captain Nemo put on his helmet. Conseil and I did the same, not without hearing an ironical "Good sport" from the Canadian. The upper part of our coat was terminated by a copper collar, upon which the metal helmet was screwed. As soon as it was in position the apparatus on our backs began to act, and, for my part, I could breathe with ease.

I found when I was ready, lamp and all, that I could not move a step. But this was foreseen. I felt myself pushed along a little room contiguous to the wardrobe-room. My companions, tugged along in the same way, followed me. I heard a door, furnished with

obturators, close behind us, and we were wrapped in profound darkness.

After some minutes I heard a loud whistling, and felt the cold mount from my feet to my chest. It was evident that they had filled the room in which we were with sea-water by means of a tap. A second door in the side of the *Nautilus* opened then. A faint light appeared. A moment after, our feet were treading the bottom of the sea.

Captain Nemo walked on in front, and his companion followed us some steps behind. Conseil and I remained near one another, as if any exchange of words had been possible through our metallic covering. I no longer felt the weight of my clothes, nor of that thick globe in the midst of which my head shook like an almond in its shell.

The light which lighted up the ground at thirty feet below the surface of the ocean astonished me by its power. The solar rays easily pierced this watery mass and dissipated its colour. Above me I perceived the calm surface of the sea.

We were walking on fine even sand, not wrinkled, as it is on a flat shore which keeps the imprint of the billows. This dazzling carpet reflected the rays of the sun with surprising intensity.

The hull of the *Nautilus*, looking like a long rock, disappeared by degrees; but its lantern, when night came, would facilitate our return on board.

I soon came to some magnificent rocks, carpeted with splendid zoophytes. But we were obliged to

keep on walking, whilst above our heads shoals of physalia, letting their ultramarine tentacles float after them, medusæ, with their rose-pink opaline parasols festooned with an azure border, sheltered us from the solar rays.

All these wonders I saw in the space of a quarter of a mile. Soon the nature of the soil changed; to the sandy plains succeeded an extent of slimy mud. Then we travelled over meadows of seaweed so soft to the foot that they would rival the softest carpet made by man.

We had left the *Nautilus* about an hour and a half. It was nearly twelve o'clock; I knew that by the perpendicularity of the sun's rays, which were no longer refracted. The magical colours disappeared by degrees, and the emerald and sapphire tints died out. We marched along with a regular step which rang upon the ground with astonishing intensity; the slightest sound is transmitted with a speed to which the ear is not accustomed on the earth.

The ground gradually sloped

downwards, and the light took a uniform tint. We were at a depth of more than a hundred yards, and bearing a pressure of ten atmospheres. But my diving apparatus was so small that I suffered nothing from this pressure. As to the fatigue that this walk in such unusual harness might be expected to produce, it was nothing. My movements, helped by the water, were made with surprising facility.



At that moment Captain Nemo stopped. He waited for me to come up to him, and with his finger pointed to some obscure masses which stood out of the shade at some little distance.

"It is the forest of Crespo Island," I thought.

We had at last arrived on the borders of this forest, doubtless one of the most beautiful in the immense domain of Captain Nemo. He looked upon it as his own, and who was there to dispute his right? This forest was composed of arborescent plants, and as soon as we had penetrated under its vast arcades, I was struck at first by the singular disposition of their

branches, which I had not observed before. None of those herbs which carpeted the ground—none of the branches of the larger plants, were either bent, drooped, or extended horizontally. There was not a single filament, however thin, that did not keep as upright as a rod of iron. The fuscus and lianas grew in rigid perpendicular lines, commanded by the density of the element which had produced them. When I bent them with my hand these plants immediately resumed their first position. It was the reign of perpendicularity.

About one o'clock Captain Nemo gave the signal to halt. I, for my part, was not sorry, and we stretched ourselves under a thicket of alarise, the long thin blades of which shot up like arrows.

This short rest seemed delicious to me. Nothing was wanting but the charm of conversation, but it was impossible to speak—I could only approach my large copper head to that of Conseil.

After this four hours' walk I was much astonished not to find myself violently hungry, and I cannot tell why, but instead I was intolerably sleepy, as all divers are. My eyes closed behind their thick glass, and I fell into an unavoidable slumber. Captain Nemo and his robust companion, lying down in the clear crystal, set us the example.

(Continued to-morrow)

## Take a tip — with Captain Cuttle

DO you know the rules of your games? Gather round for this little quiz.

### FOOTBALL.

Question: The ball goes soft a moment before the centre-forward drives it into the net. Is it a goal? Answer: No.

Question: Why not? Answer: Because at that moment the ball no longer conforms to the correct weight and size laid down.

Question: The injured full-back, receiving attention from his trainer behind his goal, sees danger, and without getting permission to return, dashes

back and kick away a certain goal, just as the ball is crossing the line. Of course, no goal. But what happens? Answer: Not a penalty, but a free kick.

Question: Can a goal be scored direct from that free kick? Answer: No.

CRICKET.

Question: The ball hits the umpire and is then caught; it has not touched the ground. Is the striker out? Answer: He is out. The umpire is not a boundary.

BOXING.

Question: What colour is barred for shorts in profes-

sional boxing in Great Britain? Answer: White.

### SNOOKER.

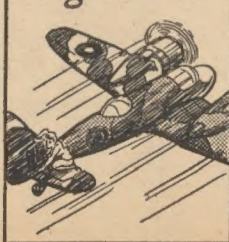
Question: What is the highest possible break at snooker? Answer: 155. The 21 balls add up to 147, taking a black with every red, but if before a ball was potted a player had a free ball after a foul, he could take an extra 8 by potting a colour for a red, together with the black, and then add the 147.

What a hope!

Question: If a ball jumps off the table, strikes an object, and returns to the table, what happens? Answer: There is no penalty.

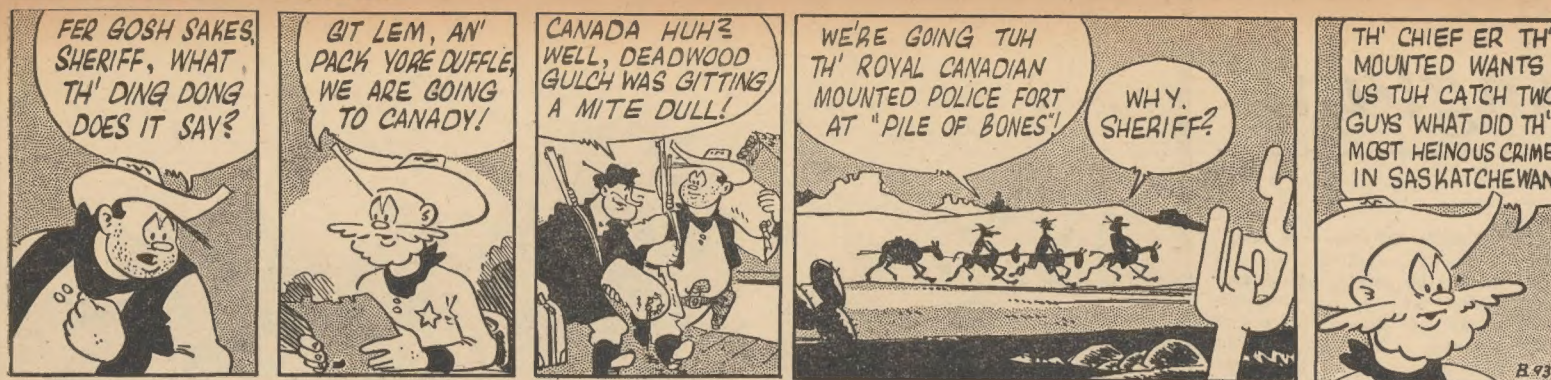
## JANE

Jane has been taken up on the tailplane of Fighter X...

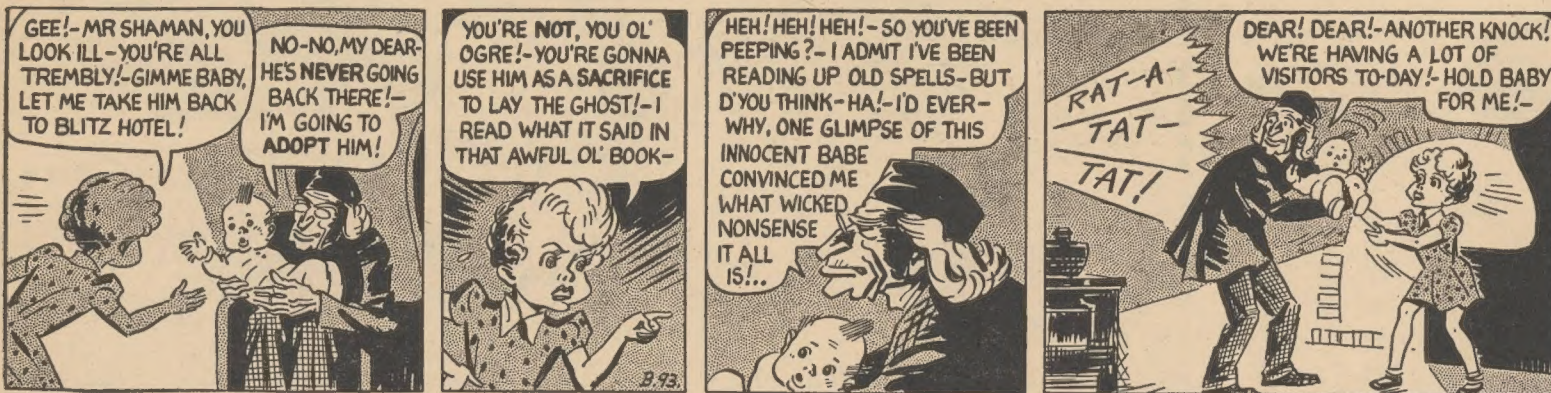




## Beelzebub Jones



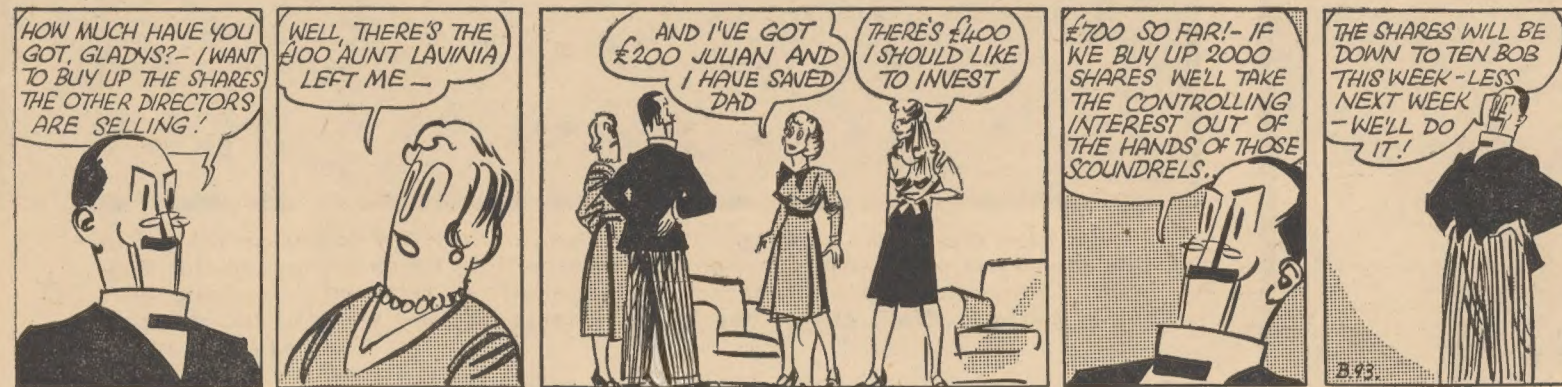
## Belinda



## Popeye



## Ruggles



# Heard This One?

The cotton-spinner, having joined the R.A.F., was being taken for his first flight. At 12,000 feet the pilot turned to him and said, "Well, what do you think about flying now?"

"It's awreet," said the spinner, "but it's damned cold up here."  
"Cold? Of course it is, you fool. It's always cold at this height."  
"Oh, I see," said the lad. Then, pointing to the air-screw, "Well, why the heck need you 'av' yon fan goin' all't time?"

A sailor was spinning his yarns to a youngster, and was making a hair-raising job of it, too.

"Once, when I was shipwrecked, sonny," he said, "I was all by myself, and lived for three days on a tin of sardines."  
"Cor, blimey, sailor," said the boy, "you didn't have much room to move about, did you?"

The billeting officer called at the George and Dragon (not the one YOU know). "Can you offer any accommodation, madam?" he asked very politely.

"NO. Certainly not," she snapped. "I've no room." SLAM!

A few minutes later the officer returned. "Well, what do you want now?" she rasped.

"Could I have a few words with GEORGE?" was the polite request.

Private Jones was in clink, and, being a not very bright kind of lad, was solemnly trying to find a way out.

"Me number's 276," he explained, "and last Sunday they marched us all off to church. I ain't never been to church before."

"Well... when the parson finished speaking, he looks up and says, 'Number 276-Art thou weary, art thou languid?'"

"I sez, 'Like Hell, I am'—and they put me in clink."

"Why aren't you in navy blue, my young man?"

"For the same reason you're not in a beauty chorus, madam," came the reply. "Physically unfit."

"I played the piano for the lady and gentleman at my billet," the young child proudly told her parents, when home for a break.

"And what did they say about it, dear?" asked the mother.

"Well, the lady thought it was nice, but the gentleman was very religious. He kept putting his hand to his head and saying, 'Oh, my God, oh, my God!'"

## Why do we Say?

### To DRINK LIKE A FISH?

Many fish swim with their mouths open, thus appearing to be continually drinking.

### MY OLD DUTCH?

Dutch has nothing to do with Holland, but is a contraction of "Duchess."

C	U	C	K	O	O
F	A	L	C	O	N
T	U	R	K	E	Y
T	H	R	U	S	H
C	O	N	D	O	R
P	U	F	F	I	N
P	L	O	V	E	R

### To MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET?

Refers to the effort needed in joining the ends of a tight strap or belt.

### HOW GOES THE ENEMY?

The reference is to time, the enemy of man.

### A FEATHER IN YOUR CAP?

The allusion is to the old and widespread custom of adding a feather to one's headgear for each enemy slain.

### To DRAW IN ONE'S HORNS?

The allusion here is to the snail.

### PAYING THE PIPER?

In the story of the Pied Piper, who agreed to rid the city of rats and mice, the Piper's pay was not forthcoming when he had done the job.

### BARMY (or BALMY)?

Meaning, of course, "dotty," derived from barm, froth, or ferment.

### A BIG-WIG?

Derived from the custom of judges, bishops, the aristocracy (in days gone by) and those in authority wearing wigs.

### Dead as a DOOR NAIL?

The door nail is either one of the heavy-headed nails with which large outer doors used to be studded, or the knob on which the knocker strikes? Frequent knocking on the head obviously knocks out any life.

### CRIKEY?

A harmless oath, but a modification of the word Christ.

### The HAIR OF THE DOG?

An illusion to the old notion that the burnt hair of a dog is an antidote to its bite.

### Not for DONKEYS' YEARS?

Actually a pun on donkeys' ears, which are notoriously long.

### To KNUCKLE UNDER?

From the old custom of striking the underside of the table with the knuckles when defeated in an argument.

### BESIDE THE MARK?

Meaning not to the point. Comes from archery, in which the mark was the target.

### POOR as a CHURCH MOUSE?

In a church there is no cupboard or pantry; favourite gathering place of mice.

### RIGHT as a TRIVET?

The trivet was a three-legged stand which was always firm on its feet.

### To SPONGE on the man?

To live on him like a parasite; to suck up all that he has as a dry sponge will suck up water.

### I am on TENTERHOOKS?

My curiosity is at full stretch, in the same way that cloth, after being woven, is stretched or "tentered on hooks."

### AIDS TO CONVERSATION

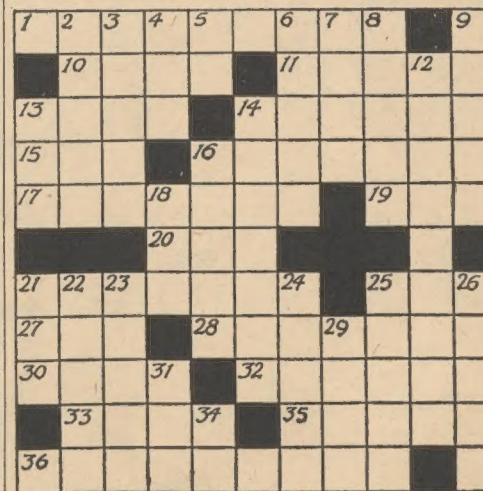
If you wish to impress your friends, it is quite a good idea to drop words similar to the following in your conversation:

Honorificabilitudinitatibus, quadradimensionality, and antidisestablishmentarianism. Or, you might ask them if they have recently been to:—Drimtaidhvrckhillichattan (in the Isle of Mull), or Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandysiliogogoch.

Or, you might ask seriously if they can explain what sort of job the following German official has:—

Lebensmittelzuschusseinstellungskommissionsvorsitzenderstellvertreter (Deputy-President of the Food-Rationing-Winding-up-Commission).

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- Chance.
- Debatable.
- Musically slow and stately.
- Large mouthful.
- Vocalists.
- Request.
- Throat-washers.
- Countryman.
- Detergent.
- Appropriate.
- Teasers.
- Entreat.
- Decorate with sugar.
- Outdoor time-piece.
- Cuts hair.
- Thin.
- Repented of.
- Wear away.
- Explain.
- Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle.

### CLUES DOWN.

- Entertain.
- By.
- Lively dance.
- Climbing plant.
- Watchful.
- Resounded.
- Odd.
- Strong force.
- Old man.
- Blank.
- Show of petulance.
- Yawns.
- Hang sideways.
- Dress protector.
- Nut.
- First appearance.
- Smile derisively.
- One who holds strong views.
- Vocal items.
- Venture.
- Perceive.
- Medical man.

CAPS LEAF V  
DOCKED OWE  
COME TURNER  
HANT CADDY  
UNDERPAY G  
SEE OUT PEA  
B RUDENESS  
TUBES DIN P  
ELUDED CURS  
RAM REVERE  
M POSY RYDE

Solution to Yesterday's  
Puzzle



# Good Morning

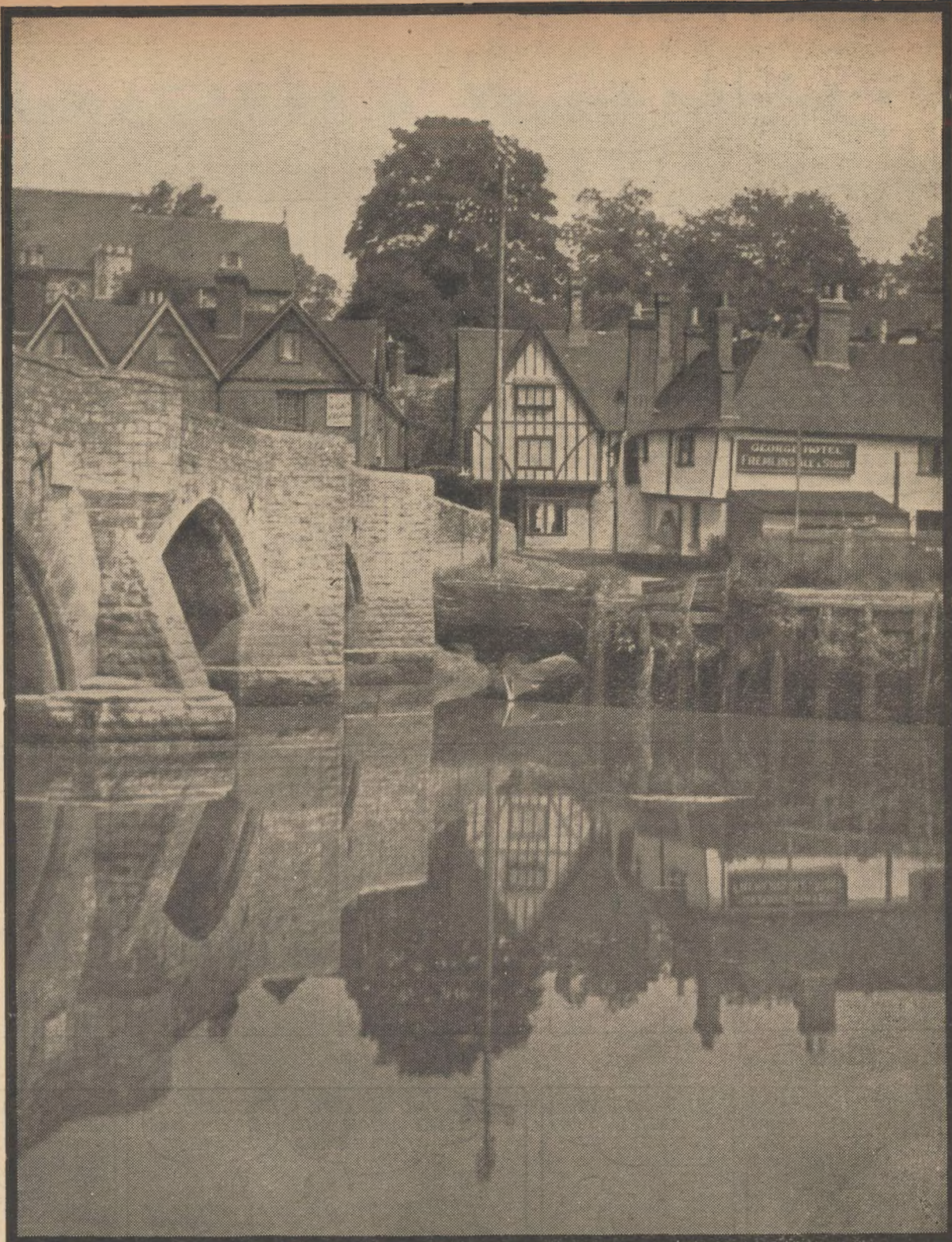
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## This England

"That's where—me lad," says grandfather as he points to one spot on the globe where, on sea or land, he made personal history. Well—the kids like it, and what the kids like to-day, they'll do tomorrow—and so we pass on the torch that lights the way for the rising generation.



## SHORE BASED



★ "Let's have one at the 'George,'" might be said in many towns or villages in this country of ours. And it would mean something which belongs to this England. Companionship—mutual acknowledgment of renewed friendship—just being matey! Well, chaps, here's the George at —, we mustn't mention names—but at a spot where we'd like to have "one" with you. What say? ★

We don't know whether she's just putting them on or just taking them off, chaps—but if you're within eye-range, keep cruising at periscope depth, and turn the mirrors thisaway!

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

If she's shore-based, I'm a'shore gonna stay ashore!

